



THE MESSENGER

October 2018, Volume IX Number 6

All Saints' Church 51 Concord Street, Peterborough, NH 03458

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Our Mission (What we do)

Our mission is to help people grow in their faith and trust in God by helping them recognize their God-given talents and to use them to serve God and their neighbor.

Our Vision (Where we are going)

Our vision is to be a community in which God's love is experienced and shared.

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Dear Parishioners,

As I write on this beautiful fall day, I am full of gratitude.

Four years ago, I was packing up my house in Exeter, NH, to begin my new adventure called All Saints' Peterborough. I moved into the Rectory October 1, 2014. I was both excited and anxious, and you all made me feel at home immediately, as you took me into your community as your Rector and as your spiritual companion. Since that first day in October four years ago, we have been discerning God's dream for us and it's been quite a ride! What an honor it is for me to stand with you in witness of God's beckoning and blessings.

If you have not heard the good news yet, as of Homecoming Sunday, \$741,297.64 has been pledged to our Capital Campaign, with pledges still coming in. We have exceeded our goal, which is amazing. Alleluia! Yet, even more amazing is the participation by all of you. So many people are involved with so many different gifts of talent and time and treasure, which is why the campaign has been so successful, and continues to be so. We are inviting everyone to contribute, knowing that any amount is welcome. Every penny is a gift, and every gift matters!

This campaign has given us the remarkable opportunity of being a vital part of All Saints' future. One hundred years from now, parishioners from their pews, pews that we share, will be thanking you for your willingness and commitment to love them in their faith. If you would like to hear more about the stories behind this campaign, please call me. I love to talk about our faith stories and our ongoing commitment to the future.

This past year has reminded me of a wise saying from the Rt. Rev. Dom Helder Camara, Archbishop from Brazil: "If you will live your religion, you will become different." If I may speak on our behalf, I do believe we are all becoming different because we are living our religion. I think that's quite a shocking thing to say, but it's true. We are all being formed by each other's faith, by trusting in the leading of the Holy Spirit, and by believing that together we can make a difference. Our DNA is being rearranged! No matter how dire the news or traumatic the tragedies, we can find ways to be witnesses to love and to grace and to the power of prayer. A balm to the world, and when we can become that, we are becoming different. What a blessing it is to be a part of manifesting God into the world.

Soon our region will be ablaze with color, just as we are ablaze with the Light of Christ, the Light Giver.

With a grateful heart,

Jamie+

Sandi's Column

The Holy Scriptures are our letters from home.

(Augustine of Hippo, 354-430)

One of the greatest possessions I have is a copy of my grandfather's diary. Grandpa Mac was a prolific writer. He journaled nearly every day as a young husband and father. He and Nana Mac lived in Manchester when my mother was a baby, and Grandpa Mac chronicled that first year of their firstborn child in extraordinary detail. He wrote of her first smile, described the noises she would make, told of the people they would meet as he proudly brought her from place to place in 1940's downtown Manchester. It is a precious picture into their life as a young family and I am so grateful to have the story of this branch of my family tree written in my grandfather's own hand.

As I have been thinking about our venture into this year of church school, I have been reading Geraldine McCaughrean's wonderful book, *The Jesse Tree*. It's the story of our story, a whimsical way of presenting the family tree of God's own children. McCaughrean describes how Jesse Trees were common in churches years ago as illustrations of the stories of the Hebrew Bible. Along the branches of the Jesse Tree were figures and symbols of the tales – the Ark, a burning bush, a colorful coat, a shepherd king's crown, King Solomon's temple, a baby in a manger. All of these served to show how the New Testament grew out of the Old Testament. These are our stories, our family journal.

If you grew up in church, then you too probably heard all the classic stories. But why do we stop reading these "childhood Bible stories" when we get older? Jesus taught by telling stories, didn't he?

Our children will be hearing and learning these stories this fall, in the time leading up to Advent and Christmas. When you see them, ask them what they heard and did this week in class. They will be so excited to tell you our family stories. Come and visit us in church school some Sunday and see our Jesse Tree as we create it together. We would love to have you there with us.

In Christ's Peace,

Sandi+

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Recovery Ministries 2018 Spiritual Retreat Day

The Recovery Ministries of the Episcopal Church of NH is pleased to announce the offering of a Spiritual Retreat Day on November 10th at Grace Episcopal Church, East Concord. The theme of the day is **Recovery, a Sacred Healing**. This Retreat seeks to provide an opportunity for prayer, contemplation and fellowship for those who identify as affected by addiction and who seek reconciliation, restoration and unity with God and each other. Please contact Sandi Albom for registration and information revsandi@allsaintsnh.org

The retreat will be led by David Ferencz. David has led retreats and written on spiritual practices for many years. He has lived in an Orthodox Christian monastic community and is currently working in social services in New York.

Ed. Note: Sharon was my mother's Parish Visitor, calling on Mum weekly at Summerhill. What a blessing and a joy it was for them both.

Faith in Action at All Saints'

Why I Love Being a Parish Visitor

How could any ministry I might have as a lay person at All Saints' *not* have turned out to be the one of being part of the Pastoral Care team and helping with parish visiting?

From my own life, I know first-hand how very much it means to be on the receiving end of such a ministry – to be supported not only by clergy but by my church family, my Christian brothers and sisters.

Practically at the beginning of my adult Christian journey, a parish visitor came to my home in Needham, Mass. to celebrate with me the birth of my baby daughter, our first-born, and to enroll her in the parish "Cradle Roll." Many years later, in the aftermath of major surgery, parish visitors provided meals for my family, but more importantly brought me contact, warmth, and encouragement in my prolonged recovery. Again, when I was facing the possibility of having to end my marriage, a couple from church, who had walked my particular road, brought me insight, practical guidance, strength and hope. In my mom's last years our own Chris Kelly was a regular and loving parish visitor (even though Mom was not an Episcopalian). Mom loved Chris's visits and I loved hearing them chatting and laughing together.

As a recipient of so much tender, pastoral care over the years, how could I not want to pass along what I have received? I think of Jesus's words, "I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." (Matthew 25: 36-39)

I have made new friends who make time for me. They let me into their lives, opening windows of different experience to me – work they have done, places they have traveled. In turn, I have found them to be patient and generous listeners as I talk to them of my doings – my own personal cheerleading squad. Sometimes they let me share their pain. I am enriched by their wisdom and humor and the model they place before me—of courage, and equanimity, and grace. They teach me and go before me. I feel privileged to follow behind.

Sharon L. MacCartney, October 2010

Ed. Note: Cassius Webb won a Polly Bond Award at the national Episcopal Communicators conference in 2011 for his Messenger column. Here's just a sample of his delightful prose, his first column in our April 2010 issue.

Book Note

You might pick up John Polkinghorne's *Quantum Physics and Theology: An Unexpected Kinship* (Yale University Press, 2007) as a remedy for ignorance, hoping that it wouldn't taste too bad if swallowed whole. You would be in for a pleasant surprise. For Polkinghorne, theoretical physicist and Anglican priest, is not only at home in both areas, he is also a fluent and beguiling writer who invites us into both his spheres with tact and thoughtfulness.

When you have finished this crisp (110 pages) volume, you may well know more than you did before, but you will more importantly have gained an insight into how physics and theology are "done," how the minds of the physicist and the theologian work. Not so differently, it turns out.

What a refreshing corrective this is to the strident certainties of both the new dogmatic atheists and the reductionist "post-Christian" apologists who keep asserting that at the name of Science every knee must bow. Turns out that the problem is not just with their caricature of theology but also with their outdated science.

In the course of the Twentieth Century, physics became something very different from the Newtonian construct many of us were still taught in high school. From Einstein onwards, physics became a quirky (or quarky?) place of apparent impossibilities, of matter being seen as elusive, light sometimes as wave and sometimes as particle, of reality itself being essentially mysterious. We are living, according to the scientists, in something very like Alice's Wonderland.

What seems intact is the scientific method. Polkinghorne shows, in a series of fascinating historical vignettes, that it is far more closely related to the theological method than we might suppose. They both require faith in reason, courage to test ideas against experience, and willingness to follow truth wherever it may lead.

Cassius Webb

Ed. Note: An article from our first year of publication, giving us some fascinating personal Peterborough history.

The Peterborough Nursery School

Most of us in the Monadnock area are aware that Peterborough's was the first tax-supported free public library in the country. Not as many of us know that the Peterborough Nursery School, founded in 1925 by All Saints' founder and benefactor Mary Lyons Cheney Schofield, was the first nursery school north of Boston and the only one outside a metropolitan area.

My sister Mary Elizabeth, Jean Peters and I were among the first children to attend the Peterborough Nursery School and all of us have fond memories of it.



When the school opened, we children were toddlers of three and four. Some of us were asked to attend because Mrs. Schofield knew us from church. Others were children of her employees. One slot was reserved for a child chosen by the Board of Selectmen.

Initially, the school was housed in an ell of the old parish house. But after about 5 years, it was moved to a house Mrs. Schofield owned in the 'V' between Main Street and River Street.

Tuition was \$2 a week, which included transportation and lunch. Some of the town's more well-to-do families contributed scholarship funds for families who could not afford the tuition. The teachers, all young women who were required to be single, lived in a residence called The Manse, built for them by Mrs. Schofield.

The first year, 12 students were enrolled but enrollment soon grew to about 20 and stayed at that level.

Mrs. Schofield believed that play was the most important work of early childhood. But she also believed that children would not progress if play did not have some purpose and direction. The teachers and Mrs. Schofield seemed to have the attitude that excellent children, such as we were, were anxious to learn how to do things the right way. And so we were.

As Director, Mrs. Schofield held everyone to high standards. But they were enforced with encouragement and praise, not punishment or criticism. None of us remember any punishments or "time outs".

Mrs. Schofield was a frequent presence at the school. Some children called her Mrs. Gofield and that name seemed to fit her constant activity. Jean Peters, whose English mother often talked about the British royal family, thought she was the Queen. Indeed, she did bear a striking resemblance to Queen Mary, the present Queen's grandmother.

At Peterborough Nursery School, there was no sitting down at a desk to learn our numbers and letters. That knowledge could wait for the primary grades. But we were exposed to all the arts.

Wearing little smocks to protect our clothing, we painted up a storm with watercolors, always receiving extravagant praise for our artistic efforts. We learned about music from songs and dancing and story time introduced us to the world of literature.

We gave elaborate pageants to entertain our mothers and the ladies of the school's Advisory Committee. The pageants were usually held in the garden of the home Mrs. Schofield had built on the site of an old cotton mill, across River Street from school's Main Street location.



It was a lovely spot, set near the waterfall that had powered the mill. She named the house "Beside Still Waters." We had wonderful costumes, a lovely setting and a small orchestra to accompany our songs. One program preserved by the Peterborough Historical Society contains the words to songs we sang about birds, trains and the blacksmith, some of them set to music by Mendelssohn and MacDowell – though a note at the end of the program explains, "On account of the volume of sound of nearby waters, the words of the songs and episodes are printed." Apparently our young voices were no match for the roar of the waterfall.

To teach us good hygiene, we were taught to wash our hands frequently (always before lunch) and to brush our teeth after lunch. Lunches were ample and very nutritious because during those Depression times, many of the students did not get good meals at home. Lunch was a learning experience as well. We learned table manners and how to use each of our utensils. We also discovered that new foods could be good. After lunch came naptime, when we lay on little mats on the floor. My sister, who did not sleep well, had her mat placed near the fish bowl so she would have something to look at while the rest of us slept. After naps, we had games, story time or perhaps a rehearsal for one of our pageants.

The Transcript has a story about a Christmas party the children gave for their mothers and the ladies of the Advisory Committee, noting that the children properly saw that all their guests were served before they had anything to eat.

Those of us who attended Mrs. Schofield's nursery school were indeed blessed. When it closed in the spring of 1935, the need for it was seen as so great that several private schools for early childhood education popped up in different parts of town. It was yet another tribute to Mrs. Schofield's wisdom and her progressive views.

Dorothy Peterson, July-August 2010

Author's note: I would like to thank both my sister, Mary Elizabeth Finger and Jean Peters who generously shared their memories with me. I am also grateful to the Peterborough Historical Society for their help in researching this article.

Ed. Note: Beautiful words by Ann describing a beautiful All Saints' tradition.

Lenten Morning Prayer



The austere simplicity of the Lady Chapel during Lent. *Photo by Ann Lammers.*

It's dark and cold at 6:45 AM. The snow crunches on the driveway behind the Rectory as I drive up to the little parking lot. Now I'm hoping I can find the key, wherever we're keeping it this year. It's a big iron object, a blacksmith's work. It looks medieval. You'd think we couldn't lose it. The key is colder than the snow, but I take off my glove to push it into the cranky lock. No luck. I nudge it a little. It turns at last, and I'm in. More bundled folks have parked meanwhile, and we greet each other like successful conspirators. We go inside, grateful to the sexton because the heat is on. It's time for Morning Prayer again.

Lent isn't supposed to be mainly about joy, is it? But that's what seems to come from getting up before dawn, five days a week, to sit with a handful of sleepy people in the chapel for half an hour. Every year we have a different cycle of Old Testament lessons. Two years ago we were in Jeremiah. Last year we had the saga of Joseph and his brothers, starting with a betrayal that's really a fratricide, taking us through Joseph's imprisonment and his gift with dreams, until he's raised to the highest rank as Pharaoh's officer, where he saves all of Egypt from starvation and finally reunites with his treacherous, beloved family. He saves them as well.

The candles on the altar are lighted, and later extinguished, by whoever is there first and whoever volunteers at the end. Last year Max and Sam – stout-hearted kids – got interested in lighting and extinguishing. Then they got interested in going to the sacristy and turning on lights. Then they got interested in leading worship. And before we knew it, the Scheinblum family had put it all together. They led the service beautifully, taking turns with the readings and prayers. Will they be on our rota this year? We'll have to wait and see.

There's a system to leading Morning Prayer, but it's not arcane. Just prepare your bookmarks and keep the list handy. Judy Collier or another regular can give you a lesson before you start. It would be a good idea to contact Judy during Epiphany if you'd like to lead the service.

Lenten Morning Prayer is on weekdays at 7 AM in the Lady Chapel, starting Ash Wednesday, February 13, and ending on Maundy Thursday, March 28. Judy organizes it each year, and Diane Callahan sends out instructions to leaders. But you don't have to lead. Just come! One of the Scheinblum boys was overheard last year, saying there couldn't be a better way to start the day.

Ann Lammers, February 2013

Ed. Note: In this article from 2012, Loring shows how Saints bring God's love wherever they go.

Faith in Action

(All Saints' parishioner Loring Catlin is a member of the Crotched Mountain Ski Patrol, whose website states: "The Crotched Mountain Ski Patrol is part of the National Ski Patrol System. It is a group of highly dedicated men and women who are skilled in the art of helping injured skiers and snowboarders, as well as maintaining a safe and controlled skiing environment.")

I became a ski patroller through a prayerful, intentional, deliberate, and immensely rewarding response to the last three questions of our Baptismal Covenant: "Will you proclaim by word and example the Good News of God in Christ?" "Will you seek and serve Christ in all persons, loving your neighbor as yourself?" "Will you strive for justice and peace among all people, and respect the dignity of every human being?"

With God's help I have found a way—at least in winter months!—to directly answer "yes" to these questions. For me, living into the Good News, seeking and serving Christ, and respecting the dignity of everyone I encounter in my work on the snowy mountainside usually comes easily and brings great joy.

I want to share with you two more difficult parts of ski patrol. First, the work is a service for people, and around here weekends are the favorite time to ski and snowboard. It is difficult to already be at work winter Sunday mornings before All Saints' 8AM service begins—I miss communion with my fellow worshipers.

The second difficulty involves strengths, weaknesses and blessings. In Acts 20, Paul says Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Culturally, it is ingrained in me to give—whenever we are able: to family, friends, neighbors, even strangers. Yet how hard it can be to be a blessed receiver!



Loring completing toboggan training in moguls, February 2010. Daughter Elo Catlin is the passenger! Photo: Kathleen Humphreys

Without the dedication and support of my teachers as I learned to patrol, I would not have been empowered to use the gifts God gave me. I was, and continue to be, a 'blessed receiver' big time from those folks! And patrolling, like so many things in life, is a "team effort." Even if I assist a patient solo, and this is a rare event, my co-workers are just a radio call away. Each time I go to work I am blessed in countless small ways by the care and goodwill of my fellow patrollers.

And then, there are the patients themselves, the biggest givers of blessings. They regularly, willingly, give me, usually a complete stranger, sufficient faith and trust to touch them, "bind up their wounds," transport them if they cannot move themselves, and obtain more advanced care for them should they require it. While I may bless them from my God-given skills, interest, and strength, they are also blessing me, too, but from their weakness.

I see us united in these moments. Each of us is really being who we truly are: they sincerely in need of help

and trusting me to give them the help they need—me living into my joy of technical service to folks in-need. Isn't that what Christ asks us to do: be as real, as authentically our God-given selves as we can be?

I imagine you have moments in your life, perhaps not so different from mine, where you feel united with others around you. Sure, the lines between 'giver' and 'receiver' in our lives are dynamic from moment-to-moment and it probably is possible on our individual paths to righteousness to be both 'giver' and 'receiver' simultaneously. My point is this: while it may be "more blessed to give than to receive," 'receiving' is still a blessing. We live in a place and era where so much emphasis is placed on being a blessed 'giver', especially of time and money. I believe we can also grow in faith by getting better at recognizing when we are blessed 'receivers.' I want to get better at acknowledging and being thankful for the gifts I have received.

I hope some winter day we will meet on Crotched Mountain's white slopes. I may come up to you and say, "Hi, I'm Loring from the Ski Patrol, may I help you?" If so, please don't be afraid to give me your blessing! Indeed, my faith depends on it.

Loring Catlin, January 2012

Ed. Note: This article by Bill Raymond was picked up by the Diocesan Newsletter and published there also.

The Day We Elected a Bishop

I didn't realize how exciting Election Day would be, but when we arrived at St. Paul's Church in Concord, there was a buzz of anticipation. Delegates and clergy asking one another, "Have you decided yet? Do you know who you are going to vote for?" We entered St. Paul's and were directed upstairs to pick up the ballots and directed downstairs to coffee and treats. The buzz continued.

We made our way into the Sanctuary to get ready for the Election. I sat in the last row along with Pete Cross, Pat Rowe and Sarah Robbins-Cole. Jamie Hamilton, recently retired from Emmanuel Church in Dublin, sat in the row in front of us. The officials gave us the count: present were one bishop, 87 clergy and 166 lay delegates.

The Election is a Eucharist Service. We did the opening sentences followed by a Thank You and Farewell to The Rev. Canon Tim Rich, who as Canon to the Ordinary has been Bishop Robinson's right hand. He got a long and well-deserved standing ovation. Then came the Readings and Psalm, the Gospel and a short sermon by Bishop Robinson, reminding us about what we were there to do and reminding us that this Election is truly the Holy Spirit at work. We renewed our Baptismal Vows and Bishop Robinson opened the Special Convention to Elect a Bishop. The air was electric as we received our instructions. The clergy were given blue ballots and the laity received yellow ballots. There were eight ballots in the packet. We hoped we wouldn't need them. And so we filed up to the ballot box near the altar (it felt for all the world as if we were coming to take Communion). Once everyone had voted, the box was removed to a secure room for ballot counting. So, what do Episcopalians do while votes are being counted? Sing hymns, of course. And so we did. We sang thirteen hymns, one after another. It was like *The Hymnal's* greatest hits. All the ones you love. All the ones that make you say, "I want that hymn sung at my funeral!"

And suddenly, there was Adrian and everyone quieted down to hear the first result. There was a problem he told us. A problem? It seems they had 87 clergy ballots but only 84 clergy registered. What to do? Re-vote? Have the clergy re-vote? We sang more hymns. Here'

After a brief interlude it was decided to do a roll call of the clergy and it was discovered that three clergy has been left off the registration list in error. So there were, in fact, 87 clergy registered, present and voting.

And so, Adrian read the results of the first ballot. We all held our breath. Sarah wondered if she would make it home for the 5 PM service.

Rob Hirschfeld: Lay 91, Clergy 54; Penny Bridges: Lay 44, Clergy 16; Bill Rich: Lay 30, Clergy 17

Rev. Rob Hirschfeld won the election on the first ballot, the first time that has happened since 1907.

Everyone rose to their feet in thunderous applause. We looked for white smoke.

Adrian called Rob to tell him the good news and we sang him the Doxology with tears in our eyes and over a cell phone held up to the microphone, he thanked New Hampshire and thanked God for being called to New Hampshire. And told us to go home and enjoy the day!

We would, but we needed to finish the Eucharist first.

If you ask me for my impression of the day, I would say Spiritually Amazing.

Bill Raymond, Delegate June 2012

Alma's Poem

The gifts of Faith, 1 Corinthians 12

Sleeping soundly every night
Welcoming dawns' sunlight
Knowing there's nothing to fear
For my Savior is always near
Going to church is a wonderful thing
Hearing a sermon and the choir sing
There's much more I've received
Since I first believed.

Love, Alma

Alma's First Messenger Poem

Looking Happy Taking Communion in Church

It's a solemn moment, I quite agree
And I'm not suggesting we should shout with glee
Although happy-clappy has its place
It's not for the whole human race
But look—We're forgiven
Been handed abundant living
Saved from Satan's guile
So shouldn't we at least break into a smile?

Alma Ruth, May 2010

Ed. Note: Betsy wrote her lovely "Musings" each month for a couple of years. This is from April, 2013.

Musings

One day in February a substitute teacher in a yoga class I attend quite regularly asked if we all had been practicing yoga for a while. Most of us nodded, but one woman, a relative newcomer to the class said, "Just for about two weeks; I took it up for Lent." I had heard her say that once before to someone who welcomed her to the class, and both times I thought how refreshing it was to hear someone unabashedly share in a secular setting something related to her Christian faith. This time, however, the woman added something like, "Yes, it's my Lenten practice, but it has nothing to do with the Christian religion. It's more of a winter thing, just a commitment I made to do something that's good for me." The critical, judgmental, less-than-generous part of my mind was thinking, "Whoa, Lent has nothing to do with Christianity? Just take what you want and leave the rest, like what some people call 'cafeteria Christians' – or like all those people who want nothing to do with the Church until they want their wedding or funeral in one?"

As we began to stretch and move that day, I was aware that I was not really following the usual yoga-teacher reminders to "be present," to let our thoughts and concerns, our to-do lists drift away (sounds like contemplative prayer, doesn't it?). My mind kept returning to my classmate's version of a Lenten discipline. I couldn't help wondering what her relationship to Christianity was or ever had been. Had she been hurt or rejected, like lots of other people I know, from a faith community that claims to be about God's love and forgiveness? I could think of more compassionate reactions than my initial one. Did I really think Jesus would mind if someone borrowed from our tradition? After all, Jesus welcomed and included everyone, especially those who are often left out. He celebrated the Jewish Passover with his disciples, and Lent was not even "invented" until well after his death and resurrection.

That brings us to the theme of this issue, "Celebrating Easter," which for Christians is all about the Resurrection. We know there are plenty of people who will celebrate Easter as a "spring thing" that has more to do with bunnies and chicks (living or molded chocolate), egg hunts and baskets of candy. Some of those people will join us in church on Easter (as they did on Christmas Eve); and some of us will have judgmental thoughts, wondering where are they the rest of the year and why are they sitting in our seats! Or we might practice what we preach on our signs and website, that "all are welcome." We might try to be more like the first witnesses to Jesus' resurrection, who were variously perplexed, fearful and sad, but then remembered what Jesus had told them and went out and spread the good news – not just on Easter Day but every day.

Betsy Fowle

October Saints' Days

Gladys Buglar 10/01	Joseph Hale 10/17
Otto McLaughlin 10/01	Dhanesh Airi 10/18
Ted McLaughlin 10/01	Heidi Graff 10/18
Berkley Bates 10/02	Nathaniel Peirce 10/18
Bruce Larsen 10/02	Linda Walsh 10/18
Barbara Coffin 10/03	Augusta Law 10/19
Avery Krug 10/04	Stanley Szydlo 10/19
Julie Crocker 10/05	Sonny Tavernier 10/20
Judy Vance 10/06	Jaydon Belliveau-Ryan 10/22
Courtney Brown 10/08	Matthew Guinard 10/22
Will Brown 10/08	Katherine Foecking 10/26
Fern Corwin 10/10	Tricia Burt Masterson 10/28
Kaileigh Row 10/10	Kaleb Guinn 10/29
Connie Oliver 10/12	Sally Larsen 10/29
Ann Conway 10/14	Liam Armstrong 10/30
Alma Ruth 10/14	Jean Ellston 10/30
William Ricaurte 10/15	Emily Twitchell 10/31

A Call to Ministry

When referring to “ministry”, some might initially think of those called to officiate within the church—in our case, Jamie, Sandi, or Louise. But the New Testament doesn’t talk about Christian clergy, priests, pastors or rectors. Rather, every believer was called to minister—humbly attend to needs of others—in whatever way they were moved by the spirit and their belief.

The Homecoming Ministry Fair offered us an inspiring view into the varied ways All Saints’ Church members respond to that calling. Some are public and visible such as the Community Supper or Centro Victoria’s work in Juarez. But other ministries are individual, quiet and intimate, woven into the daily lives of All Saints’ believers.

Jesus said the second greatest commandment was to love others as ourselves—not sentimentally, but tangibly. But Jesus did not prescribe a single path to expressing that love. Every action performed out of kindness, powered by the understanding of Christ and

His love, is Christian ministry. It is right that there are so many ways our members turn their Christianity into a verb.

Martin Luther King, speaking of the universal potential for human greatness observed:

“Everybody can be great because anybody can serve. You don’t have to have a college degree to serve. You don’t have to make your subject and your verb agree to serve...You don’t have to know the second theory of thermodynamics in physics to serve. You only need a heart full of grace. A soul generated by love.”

Having had the privilege of serving on the Vestry for the past eight months, I have been awed and humbled by the centrality of ministry in our discussions. As All Saints’ Church moves ahead, ministries will remain a force and focus as we shape our roles in this church, this community, and this world.

Tim Riley, Vestry

When Is A Wheelchair Not A Wheelchair?

The New Hampshire/Vermont Chapter of The Society of the Companions of the Holy Cross (commonly known as “The Companions”) will be holding their bi-monthly meeting in the parlor of the Old Parish House at All Saints’ on Saturday, October 13, from 10 AM to 2 PM.

Retired Occupational Therapist and Companion, Sammie Wakefield, will be presenting a talk entitled “When Is a Wheelchair not a Wheelchair?” Over the last ten years, Sammie has traveled annually to rural Peru with the Eleanore’s Project team in order to give and personally adapt wheelchairs to disabled children.

This meeting is open to ladies from All Saints’. Beverages, soup and dessert will be provided. Attendees are asked to provide their own dishes, eating utensils and sandwiches.

The SCHC was founded in 1884 by Emily Malbone Morgan and Vida Scudder, both of whom are included in the Episcopal Calendar of Saints, Holy Men, Holy Women. Our retreat center, Adelynrood, is located in Byfield, MA.

If you have questions or would like further information, please contact Vance Finch (924-9393 or vancefin@gmail.com) or Sharon MacCartney (924-3707 or sharon4giraffes@gmail.com.)

Youth@Convention

Youth in grades 6-12 are invited to Christ Church in Exeter for the 5th annual "Youth@Convention" Retreat. Beginning on Friday, November 2 at 5:30 PM, and ending Saturday, November 3 at 12:30 PM.

The retreat will be led by Sally Farrell, Associate for Christian Formation and Parish Life at Christ Church Exeter, and the Rev. Nathan Bourne, Curate at St. John's Portsmouth.

Youth are invited to share in food, fun, and fellowship alongside the 216th Annual Diocesan Convention.

To register for Youth@Convention please contact Rev. Sandi revsand@allsaintsnh.org

Book Note

Just to clear the air, all you bird-lovers, the author of *Mozart's Starling* (Back Bay Books, 2017) entirely agrees with you. European starlings in North America are a Bad Thing. They are invasive, costly nuisances that crowd out native birds, do great damage to crops, and probably wore out their welcome here about 125 years ago. Their appetite for cutworms by no means balances the scales.

But, although a naturalist and ornithologist, Lyanda Lynn Haupt is also a musician and passionate listener. It came to her attention that Mozart had owned a starling. This is not surprising in itself: songbirds were sold as pets in European cities in the Eighteenth Century. But starlings are also famous mimics, like parrots and mynahs; and according to his own notes, Mozart was drawn to this bird because, as he walked one day in Vienna, he heard it singing a phrase of his own music! He bought it, took it home to his family's apartment, and there it lived, happily, adding to the general chaos with which the great man surrounded himself, until it died three years later, when Mozart organized a funeral for it, invited his friends, and read an elegy he had written before solemnly burying it in his garden.

Intrigued by this small fact, Haupt and her husband managed to steal a nestling starling before its whole family were wiped out in a periodic sweep by Seattle's Parks Department. She then raised it in her own household, with the acquiescence of her husband and daughter, and is there still. It has not turned the author into another Mozart, but it has certainly given her material for an enchanting book. Serious in intent and often hilarious in detail, it explores the world of starlings, scientifically considered, the world of Mozart in his historical milieu, and many other subjects of contemplation that such an intersection bring to mind.

There is nothing haphazard about this book. It is fit together with great craftsmanship and the apparent ease of the practiced writer. (She has four other published books, and is described as an "ecophilosopher".) But the counterpoint between her life with her starling and the music Mozart wrote during this astonishingly productive period leads us into linguistic theory; audiology; the mystery of time as lived by different species; the social bonds that are and are not possible between humans and other animals; and how nature has been viewed since the Enlightenment. It involves a trip to Austria and what Haupt found there, in physical proximity to genius.

In *Mozart's Starling*, we are given both insight and hope. The world, it seems, is our friend—not because it wants to be, but simply in the nature of things. Our kinships are deep and wide, and one of the pleasures of human existence lies in uncovering them. But this delight is not ours alone.

Cassius Webb

Yours to Keep

How can I thank you
for all you've given me?
How could I have ever wished
for more than I can say?
How can I keep this feeling
in my heart forever?
To keep it you must give it away...

And as the breeze turns cooler
in September
How can I feel inside
the sweet light of day?
There'll 'ere be room to grow
when I remember...
To keep it you must give it away!

*And never was I asked to climb...a hill so rocky or
steep
Still the joy in my heart you'll find...
I'll give to you...
To forever keep!*

Reasons pile up
and melt like snow
How can I ever repay you
I don't know!
But desire is the fire
behind the glow
To keep it ...
we must let it show!

Andy Peterson

View from the Bench: *At the Console*

In 1980 All Saints' Parish had installed Austin Organs (Hartford, CT) Opus 2651, a four division, three manual, 30-rank pipe organ (1572 pipes) to replace a much smaller Austin Organ (Opus 969) installed in the church shortly after construction in the 1920s. On two or three occasions in this column, I've described the pipework and myriad controls that allow me to access the many beautiful sounds on our excellent instrument. I want to tell you a little more about the organ console (pictured below) since one of the smaller projects to be funded through our capital campaign involves some modifications to the console's inner workings.

An organ console is a critical element in organ building; however magnificent the sound of the pipework, a responsive, well-built organ console provides the sole connection between the organist and the instrument's musical potential. Austin Organs' reputation for building exceptional consoles was recognized in 1932 when the American Guild of Organists prescribed standard specifications and dimensions for console design based on an Austin organ, still the industry standard for American organs to this day.

Nonetheless, over time even Austin console components can degrade, becoming unreliable or non-functional, and bad things (musically) begin to happen. It is also true that the electrical guts – the electro-magnetic stop action, coupler switches, and the more than 4,500 electrical connections that are currently housed in the All Saints' console are an "old" technology. Instruments built in recent years almost universally make use of solid-state control systems, with CAT5 and fiber-optic connections. It is quite common for older instruments (ours is now nearly 40 years old) to have their consoles retrofitted with these newer technologies. That's what we propose for capital campaign funding.

Why is this so important? With increasing frequency, the coupler system on our console is failing – unpredictably. On Homecoming Sunday, in the middle of the *Gloria*, the keyboard on which I was playing went silent for several beats. A coupler failed. (Couplers are the black tablets above the keyboards that, when pushed down, allow the pipework associated with one keyboard to be combined with the pipework of either or both of the other keyboards or pedalboard). That and similar issues have occurred during vocal solos, choral anthems, and even during the Widor *Toccata* one Easter. Such "dead moments" are disconcerting and disruptive to singers and worshippers, not to mention to the organist. With no satisfactory long-term repair available for the current coupler system, updating the control mechanism to solid-state is essential.



Console of the organ at All Saints' - Austin Organs Opus 2651

A second component of this project is really an opportunity. Solid-state technology enables us to add multiple levels of memory to the combination action. The organist uses combination pistons (the buttons below each of the keyboards) to set the customized selections of stops and couplers (the white and black tablets above the keyboards) for each piece of music in a service or recital and then to draw on these combinations at the touch of a button. With only a limited number of pistons, pre-setting combinations for multiple services, e.g., at Christmas or during Holy Week, when the organist may be practicing for five to seven services simultaneously, becomes a logistical nightmare. Installation of a solid-state control system to remedy the failing coupler system can incorporate digital technology to provide levels of memory in the combination action. For instance, with ten levels of memory, it would be possible to set all the combination pistons ten times simultaneously: Level 1 for the Christmas Pageant music, Level 2 Christmas Eve, Levels 3 and 4 Lessons and Carols, etc. Or Levels 1-6 might be reserved to the All Saints' organist, Levels 7-8 for a vacation substitute, and Levels 9-10 for a guest recitalist.

This explanation of this project is over-simplified at best, but the remedy process is fairly straightforward. Austin Organs (or other builder) would help us design specifications for a solid-state control system. A firm like Peterson Electro-Music Products would build a control unit to that specification. Upon completion of the unit, the organ builder would disconnect the cable linking the console to the pipework, remove the current switching system, install the solid-state unit inside the console, and re-connect the main cable. The actual installation process might be accomplished between Sundays, but building the control unit would likely require a minimum of six months. Informal cost estimates for the project are between \$15,000 and \$20,000.

If you would like to know more about our Austin organ console or this project, please don't hesitate to email me at jeff@allsaintsnh.org or stop by the console at the end of a Sunday service.

Jeffrey L. Fuller, Organist and Choirmaster



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Editor's Note

This issue leads off with Jamie celebrating the success of our Capital Campaign and how the generosity of the Saints here at All Saints' is a manifestation of love, faith and witness. What a joy to be part of this community at this time. Sandi's column tells us of her grandfather's remarkable journal and exciting plans for this year in Christian Education.

Tim writes of vestry news and the numerous ministry opportunities available. Vance invites the women of the church to a day with the Companions of the Holy Cross and youth are invited to their own convention the first weekend in November. Cassius offers a review of *Mozart's Starling* and Jeff gives a thorough account of plans for our Austin organ.

This is my last Editor's Note to you. You are dear to me, and I picture you as I write these notes each month. I've included some columns from the past in this issue—a hard choice, because every word you write is my favorite. I love the collaboration of *The Messenger*, that so many of us have worked on it together to bring the thoughts and inspirations of our church community to you. The articles I chose are just reminders of how open and honest and loving our contributors have been.

Thank you; you have given me so much.

With joy and gratitude,

Christine

Please send contributions and comments for the November *Messenger* to the church office:
admin@allsaints.org by October 17.